then ate themselves frighted at them more than anybody else.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provision; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion ; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it.

Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made anyone have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had

been lately most terribly frighted; and so, indeed, I had. However, as I went down thus two or three days, and saw nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was